

mendocino in an eggshell

by Maurine Killough

**the sky is a solid eggshell
no cracks**

**to permit sun rays to shine in
salt vapors christen my nose, drench my paper walls
dissolving the mood that was trailing me
mother sea baptizes the shore over and over
and over**

**until the shore also releases whatever it's been holding onto
leaving a blank beach of sand
curving hellos beneath me
the stillness in the air stills my spirit
but then the chilly fog, vertigo cliffs and hatcheting waves
strike me so close i can embrace
the terror and loneliness
reflected in the raw, metallic water
and colorless sky
i am afraid but mesmerized
in love, yet i shrivel in the face
of this gigantic beauty and power
that pounds and cleanses
and forces me
out of the eggshell limits
of my own little world**